

# THE MAN ON THE BOX

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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"Well, one does not forget nor forgive these things in so short a time. And, after all, it was your father's folly. Fate threw him across my path at a critical moment—but I had reckoned without you. Your father is a brave man, for he has the courage to offer himself to the law; I have the courage to give you up. I, too, am a soldier; I recognize the value of retreat." To Warburton he said: "A groom, a hostler, to upset such plans as these! I do not know who you are, sir, nor how to account for your thin, peculiar appearance. But I fully recognize the falseness of your presence here. Eh, well, this is what comes of race prejudice, the senseless battle which has always been and always will be waged between the noble and the peasant. Had I observed you at the proper time, our positions might relatively have been changed. Useless retrospection!" To Annesley: "Sir, we are equally culpable. Here is this note of yours. I might, as a small contribution toward righting the comparative wrong which I have done you, I might cast it into the fire. But between gentlemen, situated as we are, the act would be as useless as it would be impossible. I might destroy the note, but you would refuse to accept such generosity at my hands,—which is well."

"What you say is perfectly true." The colonel drew his daughter closer to him. "So," went on the count, putting the note in his pocket, "tomorrow I shall have my duet." "My bank will discount the note," said the colonel, with a proud look; "my indebtedness shall be paid in full." "As I have not the slightest doubt, Mademoiselle, fortune ignores you but temporarily; misfortune has brushed only the hem of your garment, as it were. Do not let the fear of poverty alarm you,—lightly, 'I prophesy a great public future for you. And when you play that Largo of Handel's, to a breathless audience, who knows that I may not be hidden behind the curtain of some stall, drinking in the heavenly sound made by that loving bow? . . . Romance enters every human being's life; like love, and hate, it is primitive. But to every book fate writes finis." He thrust the bank notes carelessly into his coat pocket, and walked slowly toward the hallway. At the threshold he stopped and looked back. The girl could not resist the magnetism of his dark eyes. She was momentarily fascinated, and her heart beat painfully. "If only I might go with the memory of your forgiveness," he said. "I forgive you." Then Karloff resolutely proceeded; the portiere fell behind him. Shortly after she heard the sound of closing doors, the rattle of a carriage and then all became still. Thus the handsome barbarian passed from the scene.

The colonel resumed his chair, his arm propped on a knee and his head bowed in his hand. Quickly the girl fell to her knees, hid her face on his breast, and regardless of the groom's presence, silently wept. "My poor child!" faltered the colonel. "God could not have intended to give you so wretched a father. Poverty and dishonor, poverty and dishonor; I who love you so well have brought you these!" Warburton, biting his trembling lips, tiptoed cautiously to the window, opened it and stepped outside. He raised his fevered face gratefully to the icy rain. A great and noble plan had come to him.

As Mrs. Chadwick said, love is magnificent only when it gives all without question.

## CHAPTER XXIV. A FINE LOVER.

Karloff remained in seclusion till the following Tuesday; after that day he was seen no more in Washington. From time to time some news of him filters through the diplomatic circles of half a dozen capitals to Washington. The latest I heard of him, he was at Port Arthur. It was evident that Russia valued his personal address too highly to exile him because of his failure in Washington. Had he threatened or gone about noisily, we should all have forgotten him completely. At it is, the memory of him to-day is as vivid as his actual presence. Thus, I give him what dramatists call an agreeable exit.

I was in the Baltimore and Potomac station the morning after that unforgettable night at Senator Blank's house. I had gone there to see about the departure of night trains, preparatory to making a flying trip to New York, and was leaving the station when a gloved hand touched me on the arm. The hand belonged to Mrs. Chadwick. She was dressed in the conventional traveling gray, and but for the dark lines under her eyes she would have made a picture for any man to admire. She looked tired, very tired, as women look who have not slept well.

"Good morning, Mr. Orator," she said, saluting me with a smile. "You are going away?" I asked, shaking her hand cordially. "Way, way away! I am leaving for Nice, where I intend to spend the winter. I had intended to remain in Washington till the holidays; but I plead guilty to a roving disposition and I frequently change my mind."

"Woman's most charming prerogative," said I gallantly.

"What a mask the human countenance

is! How little I dreamed that I was jesting with a woman whose heart was breaking, and numbed with a terrible pain!

Her maid came up to announce that everything was ready for her reception in the state-room, and that the train was about to draw out of the station. Mrs. Chadwick and I bade each other good-by. Two years passed before I saw her again.

At eleven o'clock I returned to my rooms to pack a case and have the thing off my mind. Tramping restlessly up and down before my bachelor apartment house I discerned M'sieu Zhamas. His face was pale and troubled, but the angle of his jaw told me that he had determined upon something or other.

"Ha!" I said gallantly. He wore a decently respectable suit of ready-made clothes. "Lost your job and want me to give you a recommendation?"

"I want a few words with you, Chuck, and no fooling. Don't say that you can't spare the time. You've simply got to."

"With whom am I to talk, James, the groom, or Warburton, the gentleman?"

"You are to talk with the man whose sister you are to marry."

I became curious, naturally. "No police affair?"

"No, it's not the police. I can very well go to a lawyer, but I desire absolute secrecy. Let us go up to your rooms at once."

I led the way. I was beginning to desire to know what all this meant. "Has anybody recognized you?" I asked, unlocking the door to my apartment.

"No; and I shouldn't care a hang if they had."

"Oh!"

Warburton flung himself into a chair and lighted a cigar. He puffed it rapidly, while I got together my shaving and toilet sets.

"Start her up," said I.

"Chuck, when my father died he left nearly a quarter of a million in five per cents; that is to say, Jack, Nancy and I were given a yearly income of about \$4,500. Nancy's portion and mine are still in bonds which do not mature till 1900. Jack has made several bad investments, and about half of his is gone, but his wife has plenty, so his losses do not trouble him. Now, I have been rather frugal during the past seven years. I have lived entirely upon my army pay. I must have something like \$20,000 lying in the bank in New York. On Monday, between three and four o'clock, Col. Annesley will become practically a beggar, a pauper."

"What?" My shaving mug slipped from my hand and crashed to the floor, where it lay in a hundred pieces.

"Yes, he and his daughter will not have a roof of their own, all gone, every stick and stone. Don't ask any questions; only do as I ask of you."

He took out his check-book and filled out two blanks. These he handed to me. "The large one I want you to place in the Union bank, to the credit of Col. Annesley."

I looked at the check. "Twenty-thousand dollars?" I gasped.

"The Union bank has this day discounted the colonel's note. It falls due on Monday. In order to meet it, he will have to sell what is left of the Virginia estate and his fine horses. The interest will be inconsiderable."

"What—" I began, but he interrupted me.

"I shall not answer a single question. The check for \$2,000 is for the purchase of the horses, which will be put on sale Saturday morning. They are easily worth this amount. Through whatever agency you please, buy these horses for me, but not in my name. As for the note, cash my check first and present the currency for the note. No one will know anything about it then. You can not trace money."

"Good Lord, Bob, you are crazy! You are giving away a fortune." I remonstrated.

"It is my own, and my capital remains untouched."

"Have you told her that you love her? Does she know who you are?" I was very much excited.

"No,"—sadly, "I haven't told her that I love her. She does not know who I am. What is more, I never want her to know. I have thrown my arms roughly around her, thinking her to be Nancy, and have kissed her. Some reparation is due her. On Monday I shall pack up quietly and return to the west."

"Annesley begged? What in heaven's name does this mean?" I was confounded.

"Some day, Chuck, when you have entered the family properly as my sister's husband, perhaps I may confide in you. At present the secret isn't mine. Let it suffice that through peculiar circumstances, the father of the girl I love is ruined. I am not doing this for any theatrical play, gratitude and all that rot,—with half a smile, I adore and respect Col. Annesley; I love his daughter, hopelessly enough. I have never been of much use to any one. Other persons' troubles never worried me to any extent; I was happy-go-lucky, careless and thoughtless. True, I never passed a beggar without dropping a coin into his cup. But often this act was the result of a good dinner and a special vintage. The \$20,000 will keep the colonel's home, the house his child was born in and her mother before her. I am doing this crazy thing, as you call it, because

it is going to make me rather happy. I shall disappear Monday. They may or they may not suspect who has come to their aid. They may even trace the thing to you; but you will be honored to reveal nothing. When you have taken up the note, mail it to Annesley. You will find Count Karloff's name on it."

"Karloff?" I was in utter darkness. "Yes, Annesley borrowed \$20,000 of him on a three month's note. Both men are well known at the Union bank, Karloff having a temporary large deposit there, and Annesley always having done his banking at the same place. Karloff, for reasons which I can not tell you, did not turn in the note till this morning. You will take it up this afternoon."

"Annesley, whom I believed to be a millionaire, penniless? Karloff one of his creditors? Bob, I do not think that you are treating me fairly. I can't go into this thing blind."

"If you will not do it under these conditions, I shall have to find some one who will,"—resolutely.

I looked at the checks and then at him. . . . Twenty-three thousand dollars! It was more than I ever before held in my hand at one time. And he was giving it away as carelessly as I should have given away a dime. Then the bigness of the act, the absolute disinterestedness of it, came to me suddenly.

"Bob, you are the finest lover in all the world! And if Miss Annesley ever knows who you are, she isn't a woman if she does not fall immediately in love with you." I slapped him on the shoulder. I was something of a lover myself, and I could understand.

"She will never know. I don't want her to know. That is why I am going away. I want to do a good deed, and be left in the dark to enjoy it. That is all. After doing this, I could never look her in the eyes as Robert Warburton. I shall dine with the folks on Sunday. I shall confess all only to Nancy, who has always been the only confidante I have ever had among the women."

There was a pause. I could bring no words to my lips. Finally I stammered out: "Nancy knows. I told her everything last night. I broke my word with you, Bob, but I could not help it. She was crying again over what she thinks to be your heartlessness. I had to tell her."

"What did she say?"—rising abruptly.

"She laughed, and I do not know when I have seen her look so happy. There'll be a double wedding yet, my boy." I was full of enthusiasm.

"I wish I could believe you, Chuck; I wish I could. I'm rather glad you told Nan. I love her, and I don't want her to worry about me." He gripped my hand. "You will do just as I ask?"

"To the very letter. Will you have a little Scotch to perk you up a bit? You look rather seedy."

(To Be Continued.)

## Notice.

We have moved our stallion Yancy Q from old fair grounds to our farm on the Hinkleville road, first farm west of Dick Allen's place, and parties wishing to finish season will please call there.

C. H. HARRIS, Manager.

**GRIP-IT:** the cold-cure that does the work in 8 hours, and will not make you sick. Try it.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.			
Corrected May 30, 1936.			
South Bound	101	102	121
Lv. Cincinnati	8:00am	8:00pm	7:30am
Lv. Louisville	12:01pm	9:00pm	9:00am
Lv. Owensboro	2:25pm	9:30pm	11:00am
Lv. Horse Branch	3:25pm	10:00pm	11:00am
Lv. Central City	3:30pm	10:00pm	12:00pm
Lv. Fortsonville	3:45pm	10:15pm	12:00pm
Lv. Evansville	4:00pm	10:30pm	12:00pm
Lv. Nashville	4:15pm	10:45pm	12:00pm
Lv. Hopkinsville	4:30pm	11:00pm	12:00pm
Lv. Princeton	4:45pm	11:15pm	12:00pm
Ar. Paducah	5:10pm	11:40am	1:15pm
Lv. Paducah	5:10pm	11:40am	1:15pm
Ar. Fulton	7:30pm	1:40am	5:00pm
Ar. Gibson, Tenn.	8:30pm	2:40am	5:00pm
Ar. Rives	8:10pm	2:20am	5:00pm
Ar. Jackson	11:30pm	5:30am	5:00pm
Ar. Memphis	11:30pm	5:30am	5:00pm
Ar. N. Orleans	10:30am	8:15pm	5:00pm

NORTH BOUND			
Lv. N. Orleans	7:10pm	9:10am	7:30am
Lv. Memphis	8:10pm	9:30am	7:30am
Lv. Jackson	8:07am	10:10pm	7:30am
Lv. Rives	11:15pm	11:45pm	7:30am
Lv. Fulton	10:15pm	10:45pm	7:30am
Ar. Paducah	11:30am	1:40am	7:30am
Lv. Paducah	11:30am	1:40am	7:30am
Ar. Princeton	12:30pm	3:00am	9:30am
Ar. Hopkinsville	6:15pm	5:00am	9:30am
Ar. Nashville	9:30pm	5:00am	9:30am
Ar. Evansville	9:30pm	5:00am	9:30am
Ar. Fortsonville	12:30pm	5:10am	10:30am
Ar. Central City	2:00pm	4:30am	11:30am
Ar. Horse Branch	3:00pm	5:30am	11:30am
Ar. Owensboro	4:00pm	6:00am	11:30am
Ar. Louisville	5:30pm	7:30am	11:30am
Ar. Cincinnati	8:30pm	7:30am	11:30am

ST. LOUIS DIVISION			
North Bound	205	206	274
Lv. Paducah	12:30pm	4:30pm	4:30pm
Ar. Carbondale	4:30pm	8:30pm	4:30pm
Lv. Carbondale	4:40am	8:40pm	4:30pm
Ar. St. Louis	8:30pm	7:30am	4:30pm
South Bound	205	206	274
Lv. St. Louis	7:45am	9:40pm	4:30pm
Ar. Paducah	4:30pm	8:30pm	4:30pm
Lv. Paducah	4:40pm	8:40pm	4:30pm

CAIRO-NASHVILLE LINE.			
North Bound	101-101	125-125	
Lv. Nashville	8:10am	8:10am	
Lv. Hopkinsville	11:30am	6:40am	
Lv. Princeton	3:30pm	7:45am	
Ar. Paducah	4:15pm	9:25am	
Lv. Paducah	4:15pm	9:25am	
Ar. Cairo	7:45pm	11:10am	
Ar. St. Louis	7:45pm	11:10am	
Ar. Chicago	6:30am	9:30pm	

South Bound			
Lv. Chicago	12:30pm	1:30pm	1:30pm
Lv. St. Louis	6:30pm	9:40pm	1:30pm
Lv. Cairo	6:00am	5:55pm	1:30pm
Ar. Paducah	7:45am	7:40pm	1:30pm
Lv. Paducah	7:50am	7:40pm	1:30pm
Ar. Princeton	9:30am	4:45pm	1:30pm
Ar. Hopkinsville	6:10pm	6:10pm	1:30pm
Ar. Nashville	9:30pm	6:10pm	1:30pm

Trains marked thus \* run daily except Sunday. All other trains run daily. Trains 101 and 102 carry through sleepers between Cincinnati, Memphis and New Orleans. Trains 101 and 102 sleepers between Louisville, Memphis and New Orleans. Trains 101 and 102 sleepers between Paducah and Louisville. Trains 101 and 102 sleepers at East Ca to with Chicago sleeper. For further information address J. T. Donohue, agent, city ticket office, or R. N. Prather, Ticket Agent, Union Depot, Paducah, Ky. W. H. Harlow, D. P. A., Louisville, Ky. John A. Scott, Ticket Agent, Union Depot, Paducah, Ky. G. P. J. Chicago, Ill.; W. H. Smith, F. E. A., St. Louis, Mo.

## SAD EXPERIENCES OF PITTSBURGERS

### Matrimonial Disorders Were Their Lots.

Harry Thaw Led Them All But James G. Blaine, Jr., and Others Followed Close.

### SOME FAMOUS ILLUSTRATIONS

Pittsburg, June 29.—Pittsburg millionaires and their sons have been unfortunate in their marriages. And they can scarcely make Adam's excuse and say, "The woman Thou gavest me, oh, Lord," for in most cases it has been the wife who has suffered wrong at the hands of the husband, or at least the evidence in the divorce courts seems to have borne out this theory.

Through a long series of years there has been a string of divorce cases on trial here in the Allegheny county courts which attracted attention throughout the country.

#### List Led By a Thaw.

One of the earlier Thaws, his name has been forgotten just for the moment, started the list. That was the famous "Indian princess" trial. Glorious old "Tom" Marshall, Allegheny county's most famous criminal lawyer, made his reputation in the trial of that case. Cuba U. Quit was the Indian princess. She married a Thaw. At least the world recognized them as married, and the man never made any denial of it. She knew little of her husband or his antecedents. When he died she was advised to sue for her widow's dower of his rich estate.

Only the older people of the nation remember that trial today, but it was one of the most remarkable ever tried here. The Thaws won, although the popular verdict was in favor of the dusky Indian girl who had pledged her life and her honor to the scion of the Thaws. All that remains in Pittsburg today to recall that famous trial is an alley named for the Indian princess.

It was a rich scandal while it lasted. Buried somewhere under the dust of two generations in the Allegheny county court house are the records of the famous "Cuba U. Quit" claims. To his dying day "Tom" Marshall maintained the Indian woman had been wronged because of her color.

#### Legend of Indian's Curse.

There is a legend that when denied even the honor of wifehood, the Indian woman pronounced a curse on the name of Thaw. Whether she did or not, the family has certainly suffered from its share of tragedies and scandals.

Old William Thaw, founder of the family, never went through the divorce court, but he had his own troubles. He is known only as a Christian gentleman, philanthropist, business man of remarkable ability. The fact that his wife did not live with him for years because of his fondness for the society of other women, particularly young girls, is not exploited so much as his good deeds. He maintained a big house down in Fifth avenue, where he carried on as suited his tastes, while his wife and the children lived out in the East End. The family visited him often.

#### Some Recent Sensations.

Of course the case of William Ellis Corey, president of the United States Steel corporation; Harry Kendall Thaw and Augustus Hart's, the millionaire paper manufacturer of this city, are just now crowding the newspapers. They are each sensational enough in every way. Corey, lifted from comparative poverty as clerk in a coal office at \$40 a month to a position where he presided over the business of a billion-dollar corporation, lost his head over a chorus girl. The wife he had married when she was a house servant for his father would not do for his exalted station. He wanted to be rid of her and the divorce suit recently filed by the wife in Nevada is the result.

Augustus Hartje is now endeavoring to prove his wife is a moral degenerate and has named a negro as correspondent in his divorce case.

#### Blaine, Jr.'s Troubles.

James G. Blaine, Jr., was a Pittsburger. His father was born and raised but a few miles outside of the city and he met and married his first wife here. She was Miss Marie Nevin, of this city. She was a pretty actress with a brilliant career ahead of her. She probably thought an alliance with the son of the first statesman of the day would bring laurels to her she could reach no other way. It brought heartaches and she sued him for divorce. She married Dr. Bull, a famous surgeon of New York. Young Blaine entered the matrimonial market again and wedded Miss Martha Hitchcock, daughter of Secretary of the Interior

Hitchcock. She is now suing him for divorce.

Lawrence C. Phipps, nephew of Henry Phipps, partner of Andrew Carnegie, is another Pittsburg millionaire whose married life did not prove happy. There was much sensational testimony could have been brought out in the trial of that case, but it was not. The divorce was secured quietly, and now it is said the divorces are casting sheep-eyes at each other, and if they were remarried it would not surprise anybody.

Romance of Hart McKee.

Hart McKee son of the millionaire glass man and traction magnate, married Lydia Sutton. She stood it as long as she could and sued for divorce on the grounds of gross cruelty, negligence and non-support. He settled that by paying her \$30,000 and contesting the divorce. A messenger waited here the day the decision was handed down and the instant it was over he started with a transcript for New York. Arriving there he placed the transcript in Hart McKee's hands at 7 o'clock the next morning. That afternoon a license was granted McKee to wed the beautiful Denver widow, Mrs. Trevis. They were married and started at once for Europe, sailing that afternoon. They have not disturbed the serene pool of Pittsburg society since.

James King Clarke is known wherever divorce proceedings are read. He was son and heir of the iron master, Charles Clarke. He married Miss Edith Bartlett, and the honeymoon never ended, for the divorce suit began too soon.

#### That Tired Feeling.

If you are languid, depressed, incapable for work, it indicates that your liver is out of order. Herbine will assist nature to throw off headaches, rheumatism and ailments akin to nervousness and restore the energies and vitality of sound and perfect health. J. J. Hubbard Temple, of Texas, writes: "I have used Herbine for the past two years. It has done me more good than all the doctors. It is the best medicine ever made for chills and fever." 50c. Sold by Alvey & List.

#### A Suspicious Opening.

"Tell me honestly what you think of my musical talent."

"Well, if you'll promise not to be offended—"

"Why, of course not—but never mind; let's talk of something else."

—Translated for Tales from "Megendorfer Blatter."

## TUMORS CONQUERED

### SERIOUS OPERATIONS AVOIDED.

Unqualified Success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the Case of Mrs. Fannie D. Fox.

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The growth of a tumor is so early that frequently its presence is not suspected until it is far advanced.



So-called "wandering pains" may come from its early stages, or the presence of danger may be made manifest by profuse monthly periods, accompanied by unusual pain, from the abdomen through the groin and thighs.

If you have mysterious pains, if there are indications of inflammation or displacement, secure a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound right away and begin its use.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., will give you her advice if you will write her about yourself. She is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been advising sick women free of charge.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I take the liberty to congratulate you on the success I have had with your wonderful medicine. Eighteen months ago my periods stopped. Shortly after I felt so badly that I submitted to a thorough examination by a physician and was told that I had a tumor and would have to undergo an operation. Soon after I read one of your advertisements and decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. After taking five bottles as directed the tumor is entirely gone. I have been examined by a physician and he says I have no signs of a tumor now. It has also brought my periods around once more and I am entirely well."—Fannie D. Fox, 7 Chestnut Street, Bradford, Pa.

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WITH **Dr. King's New Discovery** FOR CONSUMPTION, COUGHS and COLDS. Price 50c & \$1.00 Free Trial. Surest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

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